DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#60 JUL '02

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ROUND-THE-WORLD ADVENTURE BEGINS *IN THIS ISSUE!*

SCOOBY-DOO!™

The DRAGON'S EYE!

Staton

DCSD178

=sigh= PARIS! I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS VACATION COULD BE ANY MORE PERFECT!

LIKE, I DO. WE COULD BE IN A RESTAURANT THAT SERVES NORMAL FOOD, INSTEAD OF THE CRAZY STUFF THESE FRENCH PEOPLE EAT!

SCOOBY AND I ORDERED FROM ONE MENU, AND THE WAITER BROUGHT US A PLATE OF *SNAILS* AND *FROG LEGS!*

PARIS

SO, HOW DID IT TASTE?

ARE YOU KIDDING, FREDDIE? LIKE, WE WEREN'T ABOUT TO EAT THAT WEIRD STUFF!

WE SENT IT BACK TO THE KITCHEN AND ORDERED UP A COUPLE PLATES OF *SPAGHETTI AND CHOCOLATE SAUCE* TOPPED WITH *ANCHOVIES AND MARSHMALLOWS!* MMMM.

RMMMM!

I JUST HOPE THE FOOD'S BETTER WHEN WE GET TO RUSSIA! I HEAR THAT *CAVIAR* IS SUPPOSED TO BE TERRIFIC!

REAH!

I'M NOT GOING TO TELL THEM IT'S FISH EGGS.

KNOCK KNOCK

SHAGGY, I THINK YOU AND SCOOBY CAN RELAX. I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S JUST A REGULAR OLD APPLE.

YOU'RE SURE?

?!

REP. RUST A RAPPLE. =SLURP=

MUNCH

MUNCH

MERCI.

WHAT IS IT, VELMA?

WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A PARTY!

"AN INFORMAL GATHERING OF MYSTERY WRITERS, READERS, AND SOLVERS, HOSTED BY MADAME LeROUX, PATRONESS OF THE ARTS."

THAT SOUNDS LIKE *FUN!*

LIKE, IF YOU ASK ME, IT SOUNDS A LITTLE TOO *RITZY.* ANYWAY, I THOUGHT WE WERE ON VACATION TO GET *AWAY* FROM MYSTERIES?

OH, SHAGGY. WE'RE NOT BEING ASKED TO SOLVE ANYTHING!

IT'LL BE A GREAT WAY TO MEET SOME NEW PEOPLE. BESIDES, I'M SURE THE OTHER GUESTS WOULD BE THRILLED TO HEAR ALL ABOUT THE CASES YOU TWO BRAVELY *SOLVED.*

FREDDIE, YOU MUST BE THINKING OF SOMEONE ELSE--

--BECAUSE IF THERE'S ONE WORD SCOOBY AND I DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF, IT'S *"BRAVE"!*

I CAN THINK OF ANOTHER WORD THAT MIGHT CONVINCE YOU TO GO--

--*"HORS D'OEUVRES."*

OUR FAVORITE FRENCH WORD! I'LL GET MY COAT!

ROOBY ROOBY ROO!

LATER...

KRAKADOOM

JINKIES, WHAT A *GREAT APARTMENT!*

YEAH-- USUALLY, WHEN WE'RE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, IT'S COVERED IN COBWEBS, THE EYES IN THE PAINTINGS *MOVE*, AND SOME *CRAZY GHOST* IS CHASING US!

SCOOBY-DOO IN THE DRAGON'S EYE

PART 1: HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GARGOYLES

JOHN ROZUM - WRITER *JOE STATON* - PENCILLER *HORACIO OTTOLINI* - INKER
TOM ORZECHOWSKI - LETTERER *PAUL BECTON* - COLORIST *DIGITAL CHAMELEON* - SEPARATIONS
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OR, SOME GHOUL, SPACE CREATURE, VAMPIRE...

SKRELETON, RONSTER...

LOOK, GANG, STEVE KINGMAN IS HERE, TOO!

HOW'S THAT *BOOK* ABOUT US COMING ALONG?*

*SEE SCOOBY-DOO #46!

IT'S BEING PRINTED AS WE SPEAK. I'VE WRITTEN *THREE* OTHERS SINCE THEN!

LIKE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS, I *DON'T* WANT TO KNOW UNTIL I READ IT!

RON'T RONNA KNOW! ROO RARY!

LIKE, IF THEY'RE GONNA TALK ABOUT *SCARY* STUFF, LET'S HEAD TO THE *BUFFET TABLE*--WHERE THE ONLY MONSTERS ARE OUR *APPETITES!*

REAH!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL SWEDISH MEATBALLS IN FRENCH, BUT I COULD EAT A WHOLE BARRELFUL!

RAGGY, YOU HRAVE RARSLEY RIN YOUR REETH!

PARSLEY IN MY TEETH, AND NOT IN MY *STOMACH? WHERE?*

ZOINKS!

ROWWW-OW!

KRK BOOM

WHAT IS IT? DID SOMEONE ELSE EAT THE LAST SHRIMP?

R-R-RONSTER!

MONSTER? WHERE?

OUT T-T-THERE, ON THE L-L-LEDGE! AND THERE WERE S-SEVEN MORE BEHIND IT!

ACTUALLY, THERE ARE ONLY SIX.

YOU MEAN THERE ACTUALLY *ARE* MONSTERS OUT THERE?

OF COURSE! PARIS IS *SWARMING* WITH THEM!

THEY'RE *GARGOYLES*-- ORNAMENTAL *STATUES,* MEANT TO DRIVE AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

NEVER MIND THE EVIL SPIRITS, THEY ALMOST DROVE *ME* AWAY!

SEE, NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

BUT ONE OF THEM WAS STARING IN AT US--NOT *OUT* LIKE THESE!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TRICK OF THE LIGHT.

SOME TRICK--

--'CAUSE I COULD HAVE *SWORN* THERE WERE SEVEN!

YOU MUST BE THE MEMBERS OF *MYSTERY INC.*

THAT'S RIGHT, AND YOU MUST BE MADAME LeROUX. THANK YOU FOR INVITING US TO YOUR PARTY.

AU CONTRAIRE, I SHOULD BE THANKING *YOU.* WHEN I FOUND OUT YOU WERE VISITING PARIS, I SIMPLY *HAD* TO INVITE YOU!

WELL, WE'RE GLAD YOU DID. WE'RE HAVING A LOT OF FUN!

EXCEPT FOR THE SCARE WITH THE GARGOYLE!

YOU'RE THE ONLY *REAL* MYSTERY INVESTIGATORS HERE THIS YEAR--EVERYONE ELSE IS EITHER A FAN OR AN AUTHOR.

SEE, THERE'S *DASHIELL CHANDLER, AGATHA SOTHEBY, SIR ARTHUR CONAN O'BRIEN,* AND *SUE GRIFFON.*

THE PROBLEM IS, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WHEN I GET TO *X?* *"X IS FOR..."* WHAT?

THAT'S REALLY QUITE A GEMSTONE YOU HAVE THERE, MADAME LeROUX. IT ALMOST SEEMS TO *GLOW FROM WITHIN.*

YES, AND YET IT'S NEVER BEEN POLISHED, OR EVEN CUT INTO A GEM. IT'S A FAMILY HEIRLOOM PASSED DOWN FROM MY GRANDMOTHER.

I ONLY WEAR IT ONCE A YEAR, AT THIS PARTY.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--IT SEEMS THAT GUEST IS VENTURING INTO AN *OFF-LIMITS AREA!*

EXCUSE ME, BUT THIS ROOM IS...

YAHH!!

WHY ARE YOU SCREAM--

EEEEK !!

EEEEK!

IS THAT MADAME LeROUX?

IT SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S IN TROUBLE! COME ON!

YOUR FRIEND WAS RIGHT--THERE *WAS* A SEVENTH GARGOYLE! IT STOLE MY ***NECKLACE,*** THEN FLED OUT THE WINDOW!

NO ONE LEAVES UNTIL WE SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!

=sigh= I KNEW IT!

RE ROO.

WHAT'S *YOUR* PART IN ALL THIS?

I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR THE COATROOM. I...I WAS ONLY HOPING TO TUCK THE MANUSCRIPT OF MY MYSTERY NOVEL INTO A PUBLISHER'S POCKET!

SAY--THERE'S A *ROPE* AT THE OTHER END OF THE LEDGE!

AND *THERE'S OUR GARGOYLE!*

HE'S HEADING FOR THE *ROOF!*

I NEED SOME OF YOU TO GO TO THE UPPER FLOORS TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T TRY TO SNEAK BACK IN THROUGH A WINDOW.

SHAGGY, SCOOBY--YOU TWO COME WITH ME TO THE ROOF!

I HAD A FEELING HE WAS GOING TO SAY THAT!

WOW, AN ACTUAL MYSTERY!

ARE YOU SURE? I THINK IT'S SOME SORT OF PARTY GAME!

CREAK

YOU DID WELL. YOU'LL FIND THE OTHER HALF OF YOUR *PAYMENT* IN THE LOCATION YOU SPECIFIED.

AS IF LOOKING FOR A MONSTER WASN'T BAD ENOUGH, IT HAD TO RAIN TOO!

HEY, IT'S A CAN OF...

RACKLE-RAINT?

YEAH, SPACKLE-PAINT-- IT'S USED TO MAKE SOMETHING LOOK AS IF IT WERE *MADE OF STONE!*

LIKE, FREDDIE, I THINK WE FOUND A CLUE!

GOOD WORK, SHAGGY, BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL NEED IT. I'M ABOUT TO CATCH OUR MYSTERY GARGOYLE!

SPLAK!

WHOOF

OW...WHATEVER THAT GARGOYLE IS, IT'S *NOT* STONE!

PLOP

PLOP

PLOP

HMMM...

ZOINKS! IT'S COMING OUR WAY!

RAB HIM!

GRAB HIM, ME?! YOU GRAB HIM--- WHOA!

WHOA-WHOA-WHOA-WHOA!

OH, NO--HE'S GETTING AWAY!

THIS SHOULD STOP ME...

WHOA-WHOA-WHOA--

CLAAAANGG

GOOD WORK, SHAGGY, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

SPLOOSH

CLANG CLANG CLANG

SPLOOOSHH

SPLAT

CAUGHT YOU!

YOUR MISTAKE WAS WEARING A *FOAM RUBBER SUIT* IN THE RAIN. IT'S LIKE WEARING A *SPONGE*--AND WITH ENOUGH WATER IN IT, IT BECAME TOO HEAVY FOR YOU TO MOVE!

NOW, GIVE BACK MADAME LeROUX'S NECKLACE!

HA-HA-HA! TOO LATE!

LATER... IT'S NO USE, FREDDIE. THE POLICE AND MADAME LeROUX'S GUESTS HAVE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE BUILDING AND THE STREET BELOW. THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE NECKLACE ANYWHERE.

HE *MUST* HAVE DROPPED IT OR HIDDEN IT SOMEWHERE!

WE'VE SOLVED EVERY ONE OF OUR CASES. THERE'S NEVER BEEN A MYSTERY WE COULDN'T SOLVE.

UNTIL NOW.

NO, VELMA. THAT NECKLACE IS SOMEWHERE...

"...AND I WON'T QUIT UNTIL I FIND IT."

TO BE CONTINUED!

FROM THE JOURNAL OF VELMA DINKLEY.

JULY 25. WE HAVE TRAVELLED FROM *PARIS* TO *MOSCOW*, WHERE WE ARE STAYING WITH *YURI AND TATIANA DRUZHKOV*.

THE DRUZHKOVS ARE GENEROUS HOSTS, AND THEY SEEM ENDLESSLY ENTERTAINED BY TALES OF OUR ADVENTURES.

THEY ARE INTRIGUED BY OUR MOST RECENT CASE. THE CASE THAT ALL BUT ONE OF US ARE WILLING TO LEAVE TO THE PARIS POLICE.

IT WAS ALL WE COULD DO TO DRAG FREDDIE OUT OF PARIS. THE FACT THAT THIS IS OUR ONLY UNSOLVED CASE SEEMS TO WEIGH HEAVILY ON HIM.

... I HAVEN'T *GIVEN UP* ON FINDING THE NECKLACE AND THE MASTERMIND BEHIND ITS THEFT!

DCSD179

BUT NO MATTER WHERE WE GO, IT NEVER TAKES LONG FOR A MYSTERY TO FALL IN OUR LAP. MOSCOW WAS NO EXCEPTION.

THIS STOLEN NECKLACE... YOU SAY THE STONE WAS UNPOLISHED, YET SEEMED TO *GLOW*. WAS THE GLOW FROM *WITHIN?*

YES, AS IF A *LIGHT* WERE BEING BEAMED THROUGH IT.

HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU AN HEIRLOOM, WHICH I PLAN TO PASS ON TO MY GRAND-DAUGHTER HERE, MARINA. IT'S A *FABERGÉ EGG*.

LIKE, AS LONG AS FABERGÉ IS RUSSIAN FOR *HARD-BOILED* OR *SCRAMBLED*, YOU CAN SHOW US ALL THE EGGS YOU WANT!

≈*SLUURP!*≈

WELL, NOT QUITE--SEE FOR YOURSELF, IT'S RIGHT THERE ON THE MANTLEPIECE!

OH, IT'S JUST A KNICKKNACK. SORRY, SCOOB.

TO SAY SCOOBY-DOO AND SHAGGY WERE UNDERWHELMED WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT!

YOU DOOFUS, SHAGGY! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THAT "KNICKKNACK" IS *WORTH?*

THESE EGGS WERE MADE IN THE 19th CENTURY BY THE FAMED JEWELER ***PETER CARL FABERGÉ,*** UNDER ORDERS FROM THE CZAR OF RUSSIA. THEY WERE ANNUAL EASTER PRESENTS TO HIS WIFE, CZARINA MARIA.

INCLUDING THIS ONE, ONLY ***FORTY-FIVE*** OF THE FIFTY-SIX EGGS ARE KNOWN TO STILL EXIST!

FREDDIE WAS THE FIRST TO NOTICE WHY MRS. DRUZHKOV WANTED US TO SEE THE EGG.

NOT ONLY THAT, VELMA ...DID YOU NOTICE THE ***STONES?***

THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE THE SAME TYPE OF STONE AS THE ONE SET IN MADAME LeROUX'S STOLEN NECKLACE!

WHAT ***KIND*** OF STONES ARE THEY--AND WHY AREN'T THEY CUT, OR POLISHED?

NO EXPERT THAT I'VE ASKED SEEMS TO ***KNOW...***

BUT I DO!

SCOOBY-DOO IN THE DRAGON'S EYE

PART 2: RUSSIAN INTO DANGER!

EVERY ONE OF OUR CASES SEEMS TO HAVE SOME KIND OF *WEIRDO* IN IT.

WE'VE TANGLED WITH VAMPIRES, GHOSTS, ALIENS, MONSTERS, PHANTOMS-- YOU NAME IT. THIS TIME IT WAS...

ZOINKS! A *WITCH!*

NOT JUST ANY WITCH, MY PRECIOUS-- *BABA YAGA!*

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BABA YAGA! THAT'S THE CHARACTER OUT OF RUSSIAN FOLKLORE WHO FLIES AROUND IN A GIANT *MORTAR-AND-PESTLE*-- AND LIVES IN A HUT BUILT ON *CHICKEN LEGS!*

LIKE, I GUESS SCOOB AND I HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH HER HUT!

SCOOB, LIKE, LET'S GET OUR CHICKEN LEGS RUNNING AS *FAR AWAY* FROM HERE AS THEY CAN!

OH, NO YOU DON'T...

PLEASE, NOT THE "*M*" WORD!

THERE'S A *MYSTERY* TO BE SOLVED HERE, AND WE'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE* UNTIL THAT HAPPENS!

≑GROAN≑ I SAID "PLEASE!"

LOOK OUT!

HEH-HEH-HEH!

OH NO-- SHE'S GOING FOR THE *EGG!*

WHEW! GOT IT!

KLONK

FREDDIE!

MY EGG!

ROT IT!

CLIK

RUH?

NICE TRY, MY PRECIOUS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUICKER IF YOU WANT TO BEAT BABA YAGA!

MY GOSH-- A SECRET *STAIRCASE* BEHIND THAT *BOOKCASE!*

KKKRRFF

AND, LIKE, IF I EVER SEE THAT WITCH AGAIN, I'M GOING TO END UP A *BASKET CASE!*

WOW, FREDDIE...

I'M OKAY, DAPHNE.

VELMA, I WANT YOU TO GO WITH SHAGGY AND SCOOBY AND FOLLOW BABA YAGA.

FOLLOW HER? H-HOW ABOUT YOU GIVE US OPTION NUMBER *TWO*, FREDDIE?

OKAY, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO FOLLOW HER, YOU CAN COME WITH ME AND WAIT FOR HER TO COME OUT THE OTHER END!

RUH-UH, REDDIE, NO RANK YOU!

C'MON, VELMA, LIKE *LEAD THE WAY!*

YURI TOLD US THAT THE *TUNNEL* CAME WITH THE HOUSE--THAT IT WAS BUILT AS AN *ESCAPE ROUTE* DURING THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. IT RUNS ABOUT A QUARTER-MILE AND EXITS BENEATH A FOUNTAIN.

I WAS MORE INTERESTED IN WHY A *MYTHOLOGICAL CREATURE* HAD *DIESEL FUEL* LEAKING OUT OF HER FLYING MORTAR!

Hmmm.

MEANWHILE, THE OTHERS REACHED THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL.

I HOPE WE AREN'T TOO LATE!

THE TUNNEL IS DARK AND HAS A LOW CEILING-- HOPEFULLY IT SLOWED HER DOWN!

YURI, DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE THE DOOR IS?

YES, IT SHOULD BE ABOUT A FOOT TO YOUR--

!!

?!

=UNGH=

OUT OF MY WAY, OR I'LL GOBBLE YOU UP!

=OOF=

LOOK--SHE CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP HER MORTAR UP IN THE AIR!

I THINK I KNOW WHY! SCOOBY, WHEN SHE SWINGS BY THIS WAY, GRAB HER PESTLE. THERE'S A SCOOBY SNACK IN IT FOR YOU IF YOU DO!

ROOBY-ROOBY-ROO!

OH, NO, HE'S JUMPING TOO HIGH!

LIKE, YOU SHOULD HAVE OFFERED THAT SCOOBY SNACK TO *ME!*

GET AWAY, YOU CRAZY DOG, OR IT WILL BE INTO MY STEW WITH YOU!

GOT IT! GOOD WORK, SCOOBY!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, VELMA?

THIS PESTLE IS ACTUALLY AN *ELECTRONIC STEERING ROD* FOR HER MORTAR. WATCH AS I TWIST THE END OF IT!

WHOAAAAAHHHHHH!!

THE MORTAR, IT TURNED OUT, WAS A DRESSED-UP VERSION OF AN EXPERIMENTAL *HOVER-PLATFORM* DEVELOPED BY THE SOVIET MILITARY.

SKRTCCCH

OUR BABA YAGA TURNED OUT TO BE A FORMER KGB AGENT NAMED *IRINA MOLOTOVA.* SINCE THE FALL OF THE SOVIET EMPIRE, SHE'D MADE A LIVING AS AN ARMS DEALER--AND *THIEF!*

I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU *MEDDLING KIDS!*

MAN, OH, MAN, SCOOB. YOU'D BETTER WAIT FOR YOUR STOMACH TO STOP SPINNING BEFORE YOU EAT THAT SCOOBY SNACK!

BUT, WHERE'S MRS. DRUZHKOV'S *FABERGÉ EGG?*

GOOD JOB, SCOOBY--BUT PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOU ATE THE *STONES!*

RUH-UH. RARE RID REY RO?

DON'T LOOK AT ME FOR ANSWERS. *HA-HA-HA-HA!*

TERRIFIC. NOW, POOR FREDDIE WAS REALLY PULLING HIS HAIR OUT. *TWO* CASES IN A ROW, *TWO* SIMILAR STONES, *TWO* THIEVES CAUGHT--

--BUT BOTH TIMES, THE STONES HAD *VANISHED!*

I MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN WHERE THEY'D GONE-- BUT THERE WAS *ONE* PART OF BOTH MYSTERIES I *KNEW* I COULD SOLVE.

ALL IT REQUIRED WAS A TRIP TO THE LIBRARY, SOME HELP TRANSLATING RUSSIAN, AND A LITTLE TIME ON THE INTERNET--

--AND I HAD MY *ANSWERS.*

NOW, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TELL THE OTHERS.

FREDDIE, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. WE *CAN* SOLVE THESE TWO UNFINISHED MYSTERIES.

I EVEN KNOW *HOW.*

КИТАЙСКАЯ ИСТОРИЯ

I TOLD THEM EVERYTHING I HAD LEARNED.

OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, A MYSTERIOUS *GLOWING GREEN STONE* WAS UNEARTHED IN CHINA. WHEN THE STONE WAS PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR, HE NAMED IT *"THE DRAGON'S EYE."*

THE DRAGON'S EYE WAS SAID TO CONTAIN *GREAT POWER;* POWER TO DEFEAT *ARMIES* OR TO OVERTURN AN *EMPIRE.*

FEARING THAT ITS POWER MIGHT FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS, THE EMPEROR CUT THE STONE INTO *SEVEN* INTERLOCKING STONES.

THESE SEVEN SMALLER STONES HE DISTRIBUTED AMONG HIS *SEVEN SONS.*

OVER THE CENTURIES, THE STONES WERE SOLD OFF, TRADED, OR STOLEN FROM THE SONS, AND HAVE PASSED THROUGH MANY HANDS SINCE.

ONE OF THOSE STONES ENDED UP IN MADAME LeROUX'S NECKLACE.

ANOTHER CAME INTO THE HANDS OF FABERGÉ, WHO HAD IT CUT INTO SMALL STONES USED IN THE DRUZHKOVS EGG.

THE OTHER STONES ARE EITHER IN PRIVATE HANDS OR MUSEUM COLLECTIONS--

--SCATTERED ACROSS THESE *FIVE OTHER COUNTRIES.*

I THINK SOMEONE IS TRYING TO GATHER *ALL* THE STONES. UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT WHO THAT IS, I THINK OUR BEST BET IS TO STOP THE *NEXT THEFT!*

FREDDIE...I LEAVE IT TO YOU TO DECIDE WHICH OF THESE LOCATIONS WE SHOULD TRY NEXT.

GANG, PACK YOUR BAGS.

WE'RE GOING TO *ITALY!*

TO BE CONTINUED IN ***SCOOBY-DOO #61!***

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"